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An Indian Riverside Picture

(By the Rev. T. R. Edwards, of Soory, Beerbhoom, Bengal, in the 'Juvenile Missionary Record.')

This is a picture of the last sad scene in the life of many a Hindu. The locality is a ghat on the banks of the Ganges. The group consists of a dying person on a charpoy, or portable bed, of the family kobiraj, or physician, and of a relative or two of the sick person. The time is the early morning, with the cold winter breezes from the north sweeping across the wide stream. The object of the whole is to afford the dying a last look at the sacred and all-purifying river.

What a revelation this picture unfolds of the strong hold which superstition has upon the Hindus, and also of the last cruel rite which their religion enjoins upon them! Here superstition and inhumanity stand revealed; and here we see how inseparably these are associated together.

AN INDIAN RIVER-SIDE PICTURE.

In order that the picture may become more intelligible to the general reader, it will be necessary for me to describe its significance somewhat more fully.

Such scenes as these are occasioned by the superstitious reverence which the Hindus entertain for Mother Ganges. In life, a Hindu considers it his greatest good fortune if he can live on the banks of the sacred stream, where he may perform his daily ablutions in its all-cleansing water. Should he live at a distance, he regards it a solemn duty to visit the river on great festival occasions, and by bathing at the holy places to acquire purification and merit.

But if these visits to the Ganges are necessary during life, it becomes a matter of paramount importance for every Hindu living within easy distance of the river to be carried there ere he cross the threshold of death, in order that he may breathe his last within sight of its sin-cleansing tide. Should any Hindu neglect this last sacred rite of his religion, and elect to expire in his own house, when he might have been taken to the riverside, he incurs unspeakable guilt, and will be regarded by all his co-religionists as a base and wicked person. And should his children fail to provide for his timely removal to the river they will incur life-long reproach and shame. Under these circumstances it will be readily understood that the course of any severe sickness, especially in the case of the older members of the family, is carefully watched. And as soon as it is supposed the patient is sinking, he is hurred off on a portable bedstead to the river. In respect to the exact moment at which removal is incumbent, the Hindus place the most absolute reliance upon their family physicians, or kobirajes. These are doctors who have been educated on old-world principles, and, for the most part, are ignorant quacks.

When a kobiraj affirms the imminence of death, and that the patient cannot be kept any longer in the house, he is invited to go and see Mother Ganges. He is then placed upon a charpoy, and preparations are made for carrying him to the river. The scene which then ensues in the Hindu household is, we are informed by Hindus, indescribable. The numerous women and children gather round to give their last caress to the dying; and then there breaks forth their sad, heart-rending wail. None who have ever heard this wail can forget it, it is so full of despair and misery. In the midst of all this wailing and noise the sick man bids farewell to his family, and sets out on his last journey, when he may not return. And thus, even while in the possession of full consciousness, and while suffering the agonies of death, he is hurried away to the riverside. What must be his feelings at such a moment it is terrible to conceive. To be given up as hopeless, to part for ever with all he held dear in the world, and to be exposed to the weather, all these must greatly increase the terrors of death. And apart from his feelings, we may safely say that great numbers of these people would recover if they were kept in their homes and carefully nursed. None but God knows how many have been hurried out of life by this cruel custom.

When all is ready, four men take hold of the bed and start for the riverside. Sometimes the distance of more than two or three miles has to be traversed. Very few persons form the procession; one or two of the chief male relatives, and perhaps the kobiraj, are all. Arrived on the banks of the river, the sick man is commanded to look at its heaving bosom and to breathe its magic name. Mud and water are then put on his forehead and forced into his mouth. Happy is the sick man if his life now ebbs out, and there is no need to subject him to further torture. But if, as too frequently happens, the kobiraj has miscalculated the time of death, the sick man is kept waiting on the banks of the stream, and the end is hastened by immersions in the river. Occasionally the dying have to wait days and days before the vital spark will yield. There is no solicitude shown for the recovery of such persons. To recover after having been taken to see the Ganges for the last time would be regarded as infamous. There is an instance on record of a poor widow who recovered, but the shame and disgrace she had to bear was so intolerable that she went and drowned herself. The utmost that humanity does for these poor creatures who are forced to wait the approach of death is to erect a comfortless room for their shelter at the ghat. Here they are kept waiting and subjected to frequent immersions, until, starved with neglect or choked with mud and water, death comes to their relief.

In conclusion, let me say a word or two about the picture. It was taken at Serampore, at a ghat adjoining the college, towards the close of 1895. The tall figure standing on the lowest step of the ghat is the kobiraj. Before him, on a portable bed, is a sick Brahmini widow. She has been hurried to the river lest she should die before seeing it. Mud and water have been smeared over her face and forced into her mouth. The figure seated on the side of the ghat somewhat higher up, is a relative, probably her son. He has come in charge of her to the riverside. The other figures in the picture are the carriers, who have borne her hither. The kobiraj has been busily engaged in examining the pulse of the sick woman, and he is now standing up to pronounce verdict on her. The relative is looking intently into his face to hear what that will be.

We do not know all that happened to this poor woman afterwards. This we know, that as soon as the kobiraj declared she had not much longer to live, the carriers came and took her away, even while we were standing there, to the place of burning. Let a veil be drawn over what transpired, and let us hope that death mercifully put a speedy end to her sufferings.

A Base Action.

In the Isle of Man, as I was one day walking on the sea-shore, I remember contemplating with thrilling interest an old, grey, ruined tower, covered with ivy. There was a remarkable history connected with the spot. In that tower was formerly hanged one of the best governors the island ever possessed. He had been accused of treachery to the king, during the time of the civil wars, and received sentence of death. Intercession was made for him, and a pardon was sent; but that pardon fell into the hands of his bitter enemy, who

kept it locked up, and the governor was executed. His name is still honored by the Manx, and you may often hear a pathetic ballad sung to his memory to the music of the spinning-wheel. We must all feel horror-struck at the fearful turpitude of that man, who, having the pardon for his fellow-creature in his possession, could keep it back, and let him die the death of a traitor. But let us restrain our indignation till we ask ourselves whether God might not point his finger to most of us, and say, 'Thou art the man!' Thou hast a pardon in thine hand to save thy fellow sinners, not from temporal, but eternal death. Thou hast a pardon suited to all, sent to all, designed for all; thou hast enjoyed it thyself, but hast thou not kept it back from thy brother, instead of presenting it to him, and urging it on him as the gift of salvation?—Rev. H. Stowell.

The Voice of the Spirit Quenched.

When I was a young boy, before I was a Christian, I was in a field one day, with a man who was hoeing. He was weeping, and he told me a strange story, which I have never forgotten. When he left home his mother gave him this text,—

'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.'

But he paid no heed to it. He said when he got settled in life, and his ambition to get money was gratified, it would be time enough then to seek the Kingdom of God. He went from one village to another, and got nothing to do. He went into a village church, and what was his great surprise to hear the minister give out the text:—

'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.'

The text went down to the bottom of his heart. He went away from that town, and at the end of a week went into another church, and he heard the minister give out the same text:—

'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God.'

He felt sure this time that it was the prayers of his mother, but he said calmly and deliberately:

'No; I will first get wealthy.'

He said he went on, and did not go into a church for a few months, but the first place of worship he went into he heard a third minister preaching a sermon from the same text. He tried to stifle his feeling, to get the sermon out of his mind, and resolved that he would keep away from church altogether, and for a few years did keep out of God's house.

'My mother died,' he said, 'and the text kept coming up in my mind, and I said, "I will try to become a Christian."' The tears rolled down his cheeks as he continued, 'I could not; no sermon ever touched me; my heart is as hard as that stone,' pointing to one in the field.

I couldn't understand what it was all about; it was fresh to me then. Soon after I went to Boston and was converted, and the first thought that came to me was about this man. When I got back I asked my mother:

'Is Mr. L—— living in such a place?'

'Didn't I write to you about him?' she asked. 'They have taken him to an insane asylum, and to every one who goes there, he points with his finger up there and tells him, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God."'

When I got home again my mother told me he was in her house, and I went to see him. I found him in a rocking-chair, with that vacant, idiotic look upon him. Whenever he saw me he pointed at me and said:

'Young man, "seek ye first the Kingdom of God."'

Reason was gone, but the text was there.—D. L. Moody.

The Power of Simple Confidence.

A young man, distressed about his soul, had confided his difficulties to a friend, who discerned very quickly that he was striving to obtain everlasting life by great efforts. He spoke of 'sincere prayers' and 'heartfelt desires' after salvation, but continually lamented that he did not 'feel any different in spite of it all.'

His friend did not answer him at first, but presently interrupted him with the inquiry:

'W., did you ever learn to float?'

'Yes, I did,' was the surprised reply.

'And did you find it easy to learn?'

'Not at first,' he answered.

'What was the difficulty,' his friend pursued.

'Well, the fact was I could not lie still; I could not believe or realize that the water would hold me up without any effort of my own, so I always began to struggle, and, of course, down I went at once.'

'And then?'

'Then I found out that I must give up all the struggle and just rest on the strength of the water to bear me up. It was easy enough after that; I was able to lie back in the fullest confidence that I should never sink.'

'And is not God's Word more worthy of your trust than the changeable sea? He does not bid you wait for feelings; he commands you just to rest in him, to believe his word and accept his gift. His message of life reaches down to you in your place of ruin and death, and his word to you now is, "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."'—'Occident.'

'Lights.'

A lady, going after nightfall through the arched court of a newly-finished building, stumbled over two or three steps which stood midway in the court, and gave her ankle a severe sprain.

'Is there no light under that arch?' asked an indignant friend, condoling with the sufferer.

'I believe so. But it was not lit this evening.'

'Was the electric light not burning?'

'Oh, yes, indeed, bravely; it was doing its best, but the steps were out of its range.'

We should try to understand all we who claim to be heirs of the Father, what the Book means when it speaks of the 'children of God' as 'lights in the world.' Let us fix our minds upon it until we feel to the soul our individual obligation. For it is a solemn thought, indeed, that if that part of the world where we were meant to shine is dark, some one may stumble and fall, because our light failed them when they needed it.

Perhaps we may have thought 'he has a pastor, a Christian teacher, strong religious friends; let them come up to the help of the Lord and save him.'

Yes, but not a hundred feet away from the spot where the lady fell the great electric light was blazing to its full height, yet it could not make her way safe. Her security depended on the one insignificant(?) burner which ought to have been lit under the arch—and was not.

The pastor, the teacher, the steadfast friend may be doing well their duty, but it is with none of them; it is with us, perhaps, that the responsibility rests—with us. Can we bear the weight of it if we cause one of these little ones to stumble?'—'Forward.'

Jesus Knocks.

Dost thou not hear that sound?
Must it be always drowned
By clamorous voices of the world replying?
It is the voice of One that standeth crying;
Of One that standeth at a fast-closed door
Patiently knocking—knocking evermore.

Dost thou not hear that sound?
The snow is on the ground
To-night, the cold north wind is blowing chill;
But surely must that heart be colder still—
Frozen with cold, and fettered hard with air,
That cannot take this blessed Stranger in.

Thou dost not ask what door
Is that He knocks before,
Nor who it is; for thou art well aware
It is none less than Jesus standing there!
He waits, He pleads, as only He knows how
Thou hast not always listened—listen now!

I think I hear Him say,
'Thou wilt not turn away,
Thy truest Friend? I shed My blood long years
Ago for thee. To-night I shed My tears
If still I find no entrance to thy heart.
Is it some sin from which thou canst not part?

'Is it the love of gain
That makes My pleading vain?
Didst thou but know what treasures I have brought,
What peace! what pardon!—thou wouldst count at naught
All else beside. Right dearly were they won,
For I have died for thee, My son! My son!

'The thorns have pierced My brow;
The nail-prints even now
Are in My hands—these hands that bring to thee
Such gifts; Oh, say at last thou lovest Me,
For I have waited many a weary year,
He that hath ears to hear, now let him hear.'

Thus Jesus knocks, Oh, might
There only be to-night
One door by eager, trembling hand unbarred
To let Him in; one heart, however hard,
Touched by the greatness of this Love divine!
Whose shall it be? O brother, why not thine?

—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

July 14, Sun.—The Lord is King for ever and ever.

July 15, Mon.—The Lord is in his holy temple.

July 16, Tues.—I will sing unto the Lord because he hath dealt bountifully with me.

July 17, Wed.—The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.

July 18, Thur.—The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men.

July 19, Fri.—Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?

July 20, Sat.—He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness and speaketh the truth in his heart.

BOYS AND GIRLS

An Unexpected Opening

(By Arthur Burmby, in 'Wellspring.')

'Well, young man?'

Old Simon Whickley, the veteran lawyer of Trumbull County, looked up from a mass of papers with which his table was littered and fixed his small keen blue eyes on the face of a sturdy-looking young fellow who had just entered his office and stood waiting for recognition.

'I understand, sir,' said the young man, 'that you were thinking of retiring from active practice and wished to sell your law library.'

The old lawyer nodded sadly. It was plain that the infirmities of age, not weariness of his life task, had compelled the decision which he had reluctantly formed but was still delaying to act upon. The words of this bright-faced young man, with all of

life before him, recalled to the older man his determination, and he sighed involuntarily.

'I am just out of the law school,' continued the young man, 'and was admitted to the State bar at the last meeting of the association. Possibly you may recall the name—Staniford, Edward Staniford?'

Again Lawyer Whickley nodded. 'Passed the best examination of all the candidates before the association, I believe,' he added, slowly. 'It seems to me I ought to be credited with remembering that much of the son of a fellow-townsman.'

The young man colored and continued:

'I expect to locate in Cadysville—there seems to be a fair opening there—and would particularly like to own a full set of State Reports to begin practice with. I was told that you had a complete set and would sell them separately from the rest of your library, if desired. May I ask your price for the set?'

'Three hundred dollars,' replied Lawyer Whickley, promptly.

The young man hesitated. 'That is equivalent to the full price of the volumes when new, is it not?' he asked.

'It is,' replied Mr. Whickley, without the slightest wavering of the keen blue eyes. 'I ought to ask more. Some books increase in value with age—State Reports especially. Do you know of another complete set in Trumbull County?'

'I haven't heard of any,' replied Edward Staniford.

'There is none,' declared Mr. Whickley. 'Law books without duplicates in an entire county are certainly entitled to be quoted at a premium. But I will sell the set for what it cost me, three hundred dollars. Do you want it?'

'If you will let me have the refusal of the books until to-morrow noon,' replied Staniford, 'I will give you my decision then. I can pay cash for them, but I had hoped to get them at a reduction from the original price. It is not necessary for me to tell you, I suppose, that I shall have all I can do for awhile to get along financially?'

Mr. Whickley bent once more over the deep litter of papers on his desk. 'You may have the refusal of the books until to-morrow at noon,' he said. 'Good day.'

'Regular old skinflint!' muttered Edward Staniford, as he descended the stairs from Mr. Whickley's office. 'And yet they say he is worth fully eight hundred thousand dollars. I wonder if he had to start in on next to nothing?'

The young man strolled along the main street of the pretty town, which enjoyed the distinction of the county seat of Trumbull County. Devoutly he wished that there were some opening for a young lawyer there. It was his native place, and, in spite of the fact that he had been away for about eight years at college and in the law school, he know almost every person he saw, not only personally, but as to their antecedents. It would be pleasant to live among one's old friends and neighbors. But the county seat had already harbored too many lawyers for him to think of making an independent venture there.

'Hello!' he exclaimed suddenly, as his glance travelled down the street. 'There comes poor Billy Watson in his old box-cart. And the twins have got big enough to draw him round, I declare!'

It was indeed a strange little group that was approaching young Staniford along the sidewalk under the elms. Two girls, about twelve years old, were drawing a pale young man in a cart made out of a dry-goods box, with wheels sawed from the trunk of a tree. The girls were very plainly dressed, exactly alike, and resembled each other so closely in size and features that no one could have questioned the fact that they were twins. The young man in the cart was sightless and crippled, but a bright smile shone on his face as the twins trundled him along under the elms.

'Get up, horses!' he would cry, every few minutes, and then the twins would prance on the sidewalk and the invalid would laugh cheerily.

'Hello, Billy Watson!' cried the curly-haired young lawyer, as he approached the group. 'Hello, Emma and Minnie! You remember me, don't you, Billy?'

'Eddie Staniford!' cried the sightless young man, stretching out his thin hand. 'I'd never forget your voice, Eddie. Isn't it a beautiful day?'

Something very like a sob welled up in Edward Staniford's throat, but he choked it down. 'Yes, it's a nice day,' he said, 'and I haven't got anything in particular to do before dinner, so I'm going to walk along with you and the girls, Billy, and talk over old times. Where were you going?'

'We were going to the cemetery,' replied one of the twins. 'Billy always wants to go there whenever we take him out to ride.'

'Yes—to mother's grave,' added Billy, earnestly. 'You know where mother's grave is, Eddie—near the big willow?'

'I remember, Billy,' replied the young lawyer. 'You and I used to go there with flowers before you—when you could see, you know.'

The cart trundled on again. Edward Staniford was drawing it now. He had taken the rude tongue from the twins and they were walking shyly behind. In through the gate of the quiet cemetary they turned, and Staniford drew the cart down a shaded by-path until they came to the sloping lot just beyond the great willow tree.

There was only one grave in that lot. It had been there for many, many years, and the grass-grown mound had sunk almost level with the turf about it. There was no stone at the head of the grave. John Watson had married again, and the memory of his first wife had grown dim. Besides, he was a poor man, and the family had hard work to make both ends meet.

Billy Watson sat in the cart with a wistful look on his pinched face. At length he said, hesitatingly: 'I wonder if you could lift me out, Eddie? It has been a

long time since I felt of mother's grave. The twins cannot lift me, you know.'

Without a word the strong young man bent over his old playmate and raised him out of the cart as gently as a mother lifts a baby. Then he carried him a few steps and set him down by the mound in the soft grass. Billy Watson stretched out his thin, transparent hands and passed them to and fro over the mound with the most tenderly caressing movement. Then he leaned forward and felt for the head of the grave, and buried his face and his lips in the grass. So he lay for several minutes, kissing the sod, while the twins looked soberly on and young Staniford turned away to wipe the tears from his eyes.

'Thank you, Eddie,' said the cripple, at length, raising himself from the mound. 'I did not think to thank you when you first set me down, I guess. Here is where I am going to lie—close beside mother.' He drew back, feeling up and down the grass with his hands. 'There will be room for me, will there not, Eddie ?'

'Plenty of room, Billy,' replied his comrade, chokingly. 'But you aren't going to die for a long time yet. You are going to get well, I believe, and be a help to your sisters and father.'

'And see again ?' cried the cripple, eagerly. 'See and walk, so that I can bring flowers again for mother ?'

'Yes; see and walk,' cried Staniford, heartily. 'Somehow, I believe it, Billy. Wait and see !'

That evening Staniford went to call on the doctor.

'Is there any hope or any chance for Billy Watson, doctor ?' he asked.

'Just a glimmer of a chance,' replied Doctor Whitcomb. 'All his trouble comes from brain pressure of some kind, causing partial paralysis, loss of sight, and some weakening of the mind. If the cause of pressure could be discovered and removed, I believe he would be right again. But it's an obscure case. Only the most expert surgeon could do anything for him. Even then the operation might not be successful.'

'But you think there is a chance for him ?'

'Yes, I do.'

'What would the operation cost ?'

'Oh, perhaps three hundred dollars.'

'Will you take the matter in hand if I will furnish the money ?'

'Of course I will ! But, Edward, you ought not to think of such a thing—a poor boy like you, just starting out in life.'

'Now, look here, doctor !' cried Staniford, 'I'm a sound, whole man, and Billy's nothing but a wreck. I've saved enough money to give him a chance, and I'm going to do it ! I don't care if I don't get so good a start in life. I've got health, strength, and sound faculties, and I'll pull through some way. You just go ahead and see if you can make arrangements to give Billy his only chance.'

The next morning Edward Staniford went to Mr. Whickley and told him he had decided not to buy the law books. The old lawyer looked surprised and a little disappointed. He opened his lips as if to speak, then simply nodded and bent over his papers, again, while Staniford slipped out, feeling somehow as if the imperturbable Mr. Whickley were grieved on his account.

In the meantime arrangements were being made for Billy to go to a hospital in Philadelphia, where he was to be examined and operated upon by a famous specialist in brain surgery. Old Doctor Whitcomb went with him, and as Staniford bade them good-by at the station the doctor whispered, 'I'll telegraph you, my boy, as soon as we know.'

A week passed, and then came the day when, as Doctor Whitcomb wrote, the great surgeon was going to operate on Billy Watson. Edward Staniford was as restless as a fish out of water that day. He spent most of the time haunting the railway station, where his old schoolboy friend, Walter Englesby, held the position of telegraph operator. At five o'clock the instrument, after a long silence began clicking. Englesby bent over it for a few minutes, then he sprang up and ran out on the platform, where Staniford was pacing up and down.

'Watson — operated—on—and—surgeon—says—complete — cure — assured — Whitcomb !' he shouted, holding the yellow blank before him. Then the two young men put their hands on each other's shoulders and looked into each other's swimming eyes, and cheered ! Both had been schoolmates and chums of Bill Watson in the old day.

Before the invalid was able to return from Philadelphia Edward Staniford received a message from Lawyer Whickley. 'Come in and see me,' it said. Staniford went, and the first thing the imperturbable old man did was to grasp the young man's hand in both of his and shake it warmly.

'I saw Whitcomb last night,' he said, 'and you needn't think you can conceal anything from me. What I wanted to say to you is this: There happens to be a better opening for a young lawyer here in this crowded county seat than there is in Cadysville—right in this very office, in fact, I've changed my mind. I'm not going to retire. I'm going to take a young partner, and the shingle is going to be expanded so as to read: "Whickley & Staniford, Attorneys at Law." Don't make any objections, sir. I haven't time to listen to them. And, if you please, your first duty as my associate shall be to make out a discharge of mortgage in favor of John Watson—just a little matter of a loan I let him have on his farm and stock about a year ago.'

Importance of a Wise Choice.

It is said of Thomas Marshall, the eminent statesman, of Kentucky of a generation or more ago, that he was, in his early life, greatly moved by the power of God to become a Christian. He debated the matter. It seemed to him that if he should become a Christian he must become a minister of the Gospel, and this he was determined he would not do, as he was determined upon the law and political success.

One night he was in a prayer-meeting. An earnest prayer was being made, and he felt that if he remained until its conclusion he must yield. Determined that he would not yield, he seized his hat and rushed out of the room. Never after that did he have an impulse to become a Christian, but he went on in a life in which he had some worldly success, but in which he destroyed himself in a course of dissipation.

Almost the same thing is said of Aaron Burr, one of the brightest and worst men who have ever lived. He tells us that when he was about nineteen years of age he saw that a decision must be made between the world and God. He went into the country for a week to consider the matter. He then made a resolution never again to trouble himself about his soul's salvation. From this time he threw himself recklessly into sin, sinking lower and lower in depravity and unrighteousness.

We are to choose Christ and life and then we are to go on in the right way, pressing toward God in the way of faith and obedience and holy service.—'Herald and Presbyter.'

To Higher Levels.

(By E. G. Stuart.)

'No service in itself is small
Nor great though earth it fill,
But that is small which seeks its own
And great that does God's will.'
'Service in difficulty is service indeed.'

I.

The village of Brooklea lies about nine miles from a large health resort, and half a mile from the little country town of Brewley. Through it numbers of cyclists pass on summer afternoons to view more distant, but hardly fairer, scenes, for Brooklea, as seen by painters' eyes, adorns many a modern canvas. To even the ordinary wayfarer, standing on the bridge which crosses the tidal river, dividing Brooklea from a sister village, the enchantment of the view is perceptible. In the foreground, on either side of the main road, lie meadows interspread with winding brooks gay with the true forget-me-not, and fringed with flowering rushes. Rising abruptly from the low-land to the right, in the distance, appears a wooded hill crowned by the ruins of an ancient fortress, and so embowered in the trees that only the keen-sighted can distinguish the spire, the village church hides itself upon the hillside beneath them. To the left, at the entrance of the village, a long, low dwelling, once a farmhouse, is visible, but the hand of the restorer has, alas, been laid heavily upon it, and bricks and mortar now partially screen its oak-built walls and latticed panes from the gaze of the passer-by, whilst the old orchard has been transformed into a trim flower-garden, and the weed-girt duck-pond into an abode for gold-fish. From the bridge to the entrance of the village is but a few minutes' walk, and here fresh beauties reveal themselves, for the cottage gardens are rich in fruit trees, and their slanting roofs are met with climbing roses. But where every prospect pleases man, even in our own favored land, is too often little in keeping with his surroundings, so, whilst Brooklea enjoys the distinction of being one of the loveliest villages in a southern county, it has also a sorrowful record of Sabbaths stained with drunkenness by the strangers welcomed within its gates, through the medium of brakes and excursion trains, and sometimes even Brookleans themselves, quaff too freely of the flowing bowls set before their visitors.

But on the day my story opens Brooklea was looking its very best, for it was May time, and the little station hidden in the hollow had not yet begun to pour excursionists into it, and the air was free from the fumes of tobacco and strong ale, whilst the dust lay undisturbed on the roadside instead of upon trees and hedges. In one of the smaller cottages, near the foot of the long hill which leads to Brewley, a tired woman was standing, and, as she soaped the mingled mass of cotton and linen which lay in the tub before, it was evident that she was also busily thinking, and this is what had set her thoughts going. At the temperance meeting in Brewley the night before, the Vicar had urged on every one present, (since it was the last meeting of the winter season) to try and find some particular work which they might do for the temperance cause during the coming summer. And said he, 'Unless your interest in the work is sustained by helpful deeds it will soon evaporate, and perhaps die. And,' he added, in conclusion, 'since it should be the daily endeavor of every one of us members to make our practical life more spiri-

tual, and our spiritual life more practical, let faithfulness in the praying of the prayer upon our cards of membership characterize us all in the future, and a gracious hospitality in the matter of non-intoxicating drinks. A cup of cold water cheerfully offered will often be gratefully accepted.' 'A cup of cold water. Yes,' thought the good woman to herself, 'I could offer that. Mine is the deepest well in the village, and the water from it is as cold as ice on the hottest day. I wonder if the Vicar is right, that a cup of cold water cheerfully offered is often gratefully accepted ? I really don't see what else I can do now that the meetings are over, and blind Mrs. Kelly doesn't need taking to them.' And I think you, too, gentle reader, would have been puzzled also to know what to suggest in the way of sustaining this earnest worker's interest in the temperance cause, seeing she was a widow with six children largely dependent on her earnings, and had, moreover, seen much better days, so that, with all the good will in the world, she could not do such a heavy day's work as most of her neighbors were capable of performing. Added to this was the grievous fact that her eldest boy had been crippled by an accident, and could do but little to help her, save minding the door and amusing the two-year-old baby as she played beside it. But we must continue to follow Mrs. Moss's thoughts. 'It would be a sad pity if I was to let my interest in the cause grow less seeing what it has done for some of mine, but that is what the Vicar said would happen if we didn't find something to do for it when the meetings were stopped. Poor father, how happy he died trusting in his Saviour, what would have become of him if the secretary hadn't taken him by the hand and got him to sign the pledge ? And Willie was following the bad example father had set, when the Vicar got him a place with good people that never have the drink inside their doors, and it's just been the making of him. Then how the little ones do enjoy their meeting ! Oh, no, 'twould be downright ungrateful if I didn't try and find out something that I can do to keep a warm place in my heart for our Temperance Society.' 'A cup of cold water.' And then Mrs. Moss's thoughts changed to prayers, as they constantly did, and whilst she soaped and rubbed and rinsed, these were some of the petitions she silently offered up: 'Lord, thou knowest what I have been thinking about, and what the Vicar said last night. I don't want to lose my interest in the good cause that did so much for father and brother Will, and I'm sure will do a lot for my children if only they keep to all the Band of Hope ladies have learned them, but I am so poor and not able to work as hard as the neighbors, so I'm puzzled to know what to do for it, and I can't think of nothing else but what the Vicar said about a cup of cold water and offering it cheerfully. Thou knowest how many folks pass by to see the Castle in the summer time ; I'm almost afeard to begin, but make the way plain for me. If I am to do this little work help me at starting. If it please thee, let the first folks I offer it to, accept it gratefully, as the Vicar said, "for Jesus' sake." I'll not tell Sammy yet, though he will have to help me,' said Mrs. Moss, now going on once more with her thoughts. "More than we can ask or think'; yes, that is the Lord's way of answering. It's the way he answered me many a time. I'm sure he'll make the work easy at first if I'm to do it. "Pray and Watch." What a wonderful thing a text is ! Turn it round and round, and there's more still to be learnt from it ! Well, I must begin watching this very afternoon, and as soon as I see the work is pleasing to the Master, what he would have me do, I'll tell Sammy. And with this resolution Mrs. Moss's thinking came to an end, for tea-time had arrived, and with it her hungry boys and girls with wonderful tales, to all of which she was bound to give diligent heed.

'Mrs. Tapp's white hen,' began Bessie.

'The forget-me-nots are out,' whispered Fannie .

'Dan Winter's got——' shouted Harry.

''Ickle bird's nest,' prattled Daisy.

'Laid an egg in our garden,' finished Bessie.

'So I brought you some,' went on Fannie.

'A new cricket bat !' roared Harry.

'In de hedge,' continued Daisy.

And so the chorus went on until Mrs. Moss, who had somehow kept her wits, and had really replied quite sensibly to each little tale-teller, stopped every open mouth with jam, and a promise of more if the were good.

II.

'Only willing service high in Heaven is stored.'

Afternoon had returned again, and once more Mrs. Moss stood busily at work in her cottage, whilst Sammy, at her request, kept her informed as to the passers-by. It had somewhat surprised the lad when his mother had issued her instructions relative to them, for he well knew her dislike of gossip, but, like a wise woman, though she did not care to give the reason for so unusual a request, Mrs. Moss had promised to let Sammy know 'all in good time,' why she had preferred it, and so, for the present, Sammy was more than content.

'There's a man just gone past, mother,' he called out ere long ; 'he's going up the hill on his machine.' And a quarter of an hour afterwards came another announcement :

'Three young ladies, mother, gone into Mrs. Baynes for tea or ginger-beer. One of them is buying a nosegay.' And this was followed by :

'Here come some gentlemen going into the tea-garden, too. No they ain't, they're gone into the inn'; and then there was silence for a time, broken only by a cuckoo's call, after which Sammy began reporting again :

'You really must come and see for yourself who's going by now, mother,' he exclaimed ; 'such a pretty young lady, and there's another lady with her, and—mother!' This last word was uttered with such a jerk that Mrs. Moss stopped her mangle with another, and hastened to Sammy's side, wondering what could have startled him so, and, as she crossed the kitchen, to her astonishment, she caught the words, almost identical with those over which she had pondered so long : 'A glass of cold water !' And there in front of her cottage door stood the ladies Sammy had described. 'Will you please to walk in, ladies,' said Mrs. Moss, her kindly soul having speedily overcome its momentary surprise, 'perhaps you would like to rest awhile ?'

'No,' thank you,' replied the elder of the girls, 'but we should be very grateful if you would give us each a glass of cold water. We have been exploring the Castle, and have to walk back to Brewley.'

'Oh, with pleasure, miss ; please do take a seat whilst I am drawing it from the well,' and such a happy look irradiated the little woman's face as she spoke, that her guests smilingly acquiesced, and at once seated themselves near Sammy in the doorway.

When Mrs. Moss had returned from her errand, and her visitors had duly refreshed themselves with the cool clear liquid, the elder of them opened her purse and was about to place a small coin in Mrs. Moss's hand, but, as she did so, quite a shadow fell on their hostess's face, and, retreating towards the back kitchen, she said, earnestly, 'No, indeed, miss, thank you kindly ; it's very kind of you, but you see I'm doing it for our Society, so I couldn't possibly take anything.'

'Doing it for a society ? What can she mean, Miss Lake ?' said the younger of the two ladies, glancing up at her governess with a look that plainly said, 'Do ask her.' So Miss Lake, anxious to please her pupil, and also somewhat curious herself, courteously propounded the simple query.

'May we ask what Society you are working for, and how your giving water to two strangers will help it ?'

'Oh, yes, miss,' and the shadow had left Mrs. Moss's face ; 'it is the Church of England Temperance Society. The Vicar said at our last meeting he hoped we should all do something through the summer for the society, or else we would perhaps lose our interest in it, and that even a cup of cold water cheerfully offered would often be gratefully received. So I thought to myself, seeing how many strangers pass this way, that I might try and do what he said, for I don't want to lose any of my interest in the cause. But,' she added apologetically, ' don't think, miss, I should have ventured to offer any to ladies like you. I was thinking more of the folks who are too poor to buy ginger-beer, or the lads who might be tempted to go to the public-house. Many come out here on Saturday afternoons.'

As Mrs. Moss spoke, the faces of her listeners became more and more interested, and when she had finished, Miss Lake said, cordially, 'Thank you very much for what you have told us, but I do not think you need be afraid to offer your refreshing water to any one. I wish we lived nearer to you that we, too, might help your Society, but our home is ten miles the other side of Brewley. It was while the horses were being fed and rested that we found our way to the Castle. I am sure we wish you every success, and some day I hope, if we come this way, you will let us taste your excellent water again,' and, so saying, the ladies, waving a friendly farewell to Sammy, took their departure.

'Really I feel quite ashamed of myself,' said the younger of the girls as they left the cottage behind them. 'To think of that poor woman being so eager to help "the Cause," as she called it, and I, who might do so much more, have done so little, and I am afraid, as the Brewley Vicar has said, owing to my doing so little my interest in it has of late been waning. However, it's never too late to mend, is it ?' she said, uplifting a merry face to her companion, 'and you must help me to be a more earnest worker.'

'Indeed I will, Nina, as far as it lies in my power, but remember your father is not fond of temperance work, and dislikes the subject being brought forward. You have obtained a great deal in being allowed to discontinue your daily glass of wine, so do not be in too great a hurry to secure further favors from him, or he may revoke the one already granted.'

'Very well, Miss Lake ; but couldn't you

and I do something more without worrying father ? Just think.'

And Miss Lake, thus abjured, proceeded to exercise her powers of thought just as Mrs. Moss had done, and, like Mrs. Moss, emerged from the effort triumphant.

'Since your father allows you a share of the fruit and flowers to give away, why not send some sometimes to the Temperance Hospital. Of course, you must pay the carriage out of your allowance, but as your father has been good enough to raise my salary this year, I can afford to help you, and the railway companies take things for hospitals at lower rates.'

'The very thing,' said Nina, delighted; 'I'll send off a hamper to-morrow.'

'Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

'The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares,
Out of all meaner cares.

'Honor to those whose words and deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low.'

Had the foregoing lines been read to Mrs. Moss, she would probably have asked for some explanation concerning them. But, poor and simple though she was, the spirit of them possessed her, and, all unknown to herself, her loving deed and earnest thought had that day uplifted two sister souls to higher levels in the Master's service, whose overflow, in turn, would uplift others. Verily no man liveth to himself!

III.

'I know not where His islands lift
Their feathery fronds in air,
But this I know, I cannot drift,
Beyond God's love and care.'

Summer had come and passed away, and during most of its sultry afternoons, Mrs. Moss and Sammy, (who had been quietly initiated into the secret) had made the humble offering of a glass of water cheerfully to the dusty pedestrians passing their door as occasion offered. Often it was refused, but more often accepted, and some who came by constantly regularly availed themselves of the widow's kindness. And this one effort to do good multiplied itself in other ways, for Sammy's eyes seemed not only to take in all thirsty souls, but once when a little child was accidentally left behind in the village he saw her first, and coaxed her to his home with a promise to look at a picture-book, and thus kept her safe till her parents returned to look for her. Then the grocer's lad from Brewley, with errands to fulfil in more than one direction, would often confide one of his baskets to Sammy's keeping till he had disposed of the contents of another; while the number of people to whom shelter from summer showers was given had really reached quite an unexpected figure. But when the blackberries were over and the ivy began to flower, Sammy—never very strong—took a chill, and now he lay white and suffering in the tiny attic above the porch where he had watched and worked so long. Some of the neighbors had shown what kindness they could afford to Mrs. Moss in her trouble, such as sitting up at night with the sick boy; but Mrs. Baynes, never friendly because of Mrs. Moss's efforts to assist the Temperance cause (which she declared had injured her ginger-beer business), now asserted openly that it would have been better if, instead of running after other people's wants, his mother had looked more to Sammy, and not left him so much by the open door on showery days. Worse, however, was to come. Mrs. Moss had received more than one visit from the first recipients of her simple hospitality, and had heard from Miss Lake and Nina, to her astonishment and delight, of their fresh efforts to assist the Temperance cause, owing to her earnest example. On one occasion she had even asked to contribute flowers from her own little garden, to add to those they were sending to the Temperance Hospital. But Miss Lake and Nina had paid their last visit about three weeks before; and one wet, dreary, October evening, Mrs. Baynes's daughter (who was kitchenmaid at Nina's home) had brought the news to Brooklea that the family were not going to London after all. Miss Nina was dangerously ill with typhoid fever; and further, that the General (Miss Nina's father) had said, that his daughter's illness was all owing to her teetotal ways, and from drinking bad water in some old woman's cottage.

'There, now, don't take on so,' said the talkative body, who had made known all that Eliza Baynes had repeated to the worn-out, sorrowing mother, as Mrs. Moss sank on a chair and said faintly—

'It's too cruel! First to say Sammy got ill through my not seeing to him properly, and now that I've been making the dear young lady ill! Good-night, Mrs. Paynter, thank you for telling me. I would rather have heard it from you than anyone else. Good-night.' And Mrs. Paynter, though very loath to go, found herself compelled to depart, for Mrs. Moss, as she uttered the last word was already half-way up the stairs to Sammy's bed-side, and Harry had risen to open the door for her. A wounded spirit who can bear? But as long as the boy lay awake, which was far into the night, Sammy's mother made no sign of all she was enduring. When, however, the little face at last lay with closed eyes turned from her, Mrs. Moss broke down and sobbed bitterly. Every unkind speech connected with her attending the Temperance meetings, and the simple work she had undertaken to assist the cause, rose up in her thoughts, and rang in her ears; and alas! some of them were in the old familiar tones of kinsfolk and friends!

'Setting herself up to be better than her neighbors! Won't associate with us now I suppose, and her own father used to reel home as drunk as a lord on Saturday nights.'

'She does it just for what she can get. She likes tea-meetings and them things.'

'Let her alone; she'll soon get tired of it, and find she can't do without her beer no more than we can, unless she takes of it on the sly. Them teetotallers is an awful deceitful lot.'

'I daresay her poor husband would be here now, if she would have given him a drop of port now and again.'

But, 'there is an Arm that never tires,' thank God, 'when human strength gives way,' and that Arm whilst Mrs. Moss's grief asserted itself, was as surely around her as it had ever been. It only needed for her to lean hard to realize to the full its sustaining power, and the grace to do this came at length by prayer.

'Blessed Lord,' she sobbed, 'Thou knowest that I feel as if I could bear no more! I have tried to do my best, but trouble and evil seems to have come of it. Maybe, I wasn't careful enough of Sammy, but it wasn't because I neglected him. It has been such a happy summer! It has been his chief pleasure to sit at the door, and to help me offering the water. It went to my heart to shut the door when the wind blew a bit cold, and he begged so hard to have it open; and I thought his thick coat would have kept the cold out. And now the dear young lady is ill, and they are saying she took harm from our well! I never knew there was aught amiss with it—if so be there is. But I can't think as Thou wouldst have sent the ladies here, if there had been anything wrong. I am not worthy to ask anything, but the Cause will suffer if things don't come right. Whatever will become of us if Sammy is ill much longer?' And with the uplifting of Mrs. Moss's petitions the echoes of the bitter speeches that had rung in her ears died away, and instead many a precious promise read in her large brown Bible came to her remembrance.

'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee.'

'I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.'

'They shall not be ashamed that wait for me.'

'Lord,' she cried, as her fainting soul was thus refreshed, 'I have done my best for Sammy and the Cause, and I believe—yes, I do believe—thou wilt do thy best for me in thine own good time. I often say to the little ones, when they get impatient, 'All in good time.' I am just like one of my own little ones. Help me to wait patiently for thine own good time, and to believe all will come right. Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief, for Jesus' sake, Amen.'

And then four little lines upon a card, which had been given her by one of her guests in the summer rose to her lips—

'He knows, He loves, He cares,
Nothing this truth can dim,
He gives His very best to those
Who leave the choice to Him.'

And as she repeated them over and over again to herself in the darkness, so it was that God gave to her his beloved sleep.

IV.

'Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.'

In the morning Sammy was no better, and, faint and weary, Mrs. Moss set about her household duties, whilst eagerly longing for the doctor. As she was hanging out the clothes she had just washed in the little garden beside the cottage, two gentlemen drove into the village; and, after making inquiry at the inn opposite, left their carriage in charge of an ostler, and made their way to her door. The elder of the two carried himself very erect, and spoke in a loud, hasty, though not unkindly, manner, to his companion—a much younger man with a kind, thoughtful face, which reassured Mrs. Moss as soon as she beheld it.

'Mrs. Moss, I presume?' said the stout gentleman, without raising his hat.

'Yes, sir; will you come in?' And inwardly wondering what the gentlemen could want with her, Mrs. Moss opened the door as widely as she could, and, curtesying, awaited their reply.

'Thank you, yes,' and forthwith the stout gentleman entered, and promptly seated himself in the nearest chair, whilst his companion, hat in hand, followed him into the room.

Now, doctor, you do the talking,' said the stout gentleman abruptly, and the young

man, thus appealed to, at once addressed himself to the widow, who stood respectfully beside him.

'We are sorry to disturb you by calling on you so early in the morning,' he said, pleasantly; 'but would you kindly let us know from what illness your little boy is suffering, and also give us a sample of the water from your well? This gentleman,' he continued, indicating his friend by an inclination of his head, 'is General Corfield, whose daughter has sometimes visited you. Miss Corfield, I grieve to say, is suffering from typhoid fever, and we are anxious to ascertain where she contracted the illness, that steps may be taken to prevent others from contracting it, too; and having heard that when Miss Corfield was last here you had a child ill, and that the young lady had drunk some water from your well, we thought it wise to make some inquiries in Brooklea as well as elsewhere.'

The courteous tones of the young man's voice won Mrs. Moss's confidence at once.

'Sir, if you are a doctor, will you not come upstairs and see my poor boy, for it's nothing infectious he is suffering from, and nothing occasioned by our water, either.' And without waiting for a reply, Mrs. Moss led the way to the attic where Sammy lay.

'Poor little man,' said the doctor, pityingly, as he stood by the bedside. 'How long have you been ill?'

'I'm never very well, sir,' said Sammy, feebly; 'I'm a cripple, you see; but it is about three weeks since I took to my bed, and, oh, I am so tired of being here, for there's nothing scarce to be seen from yon little window.

'I should think not, little chap,' said Sammy's visitor, gazing at the square pane which served as a window in Sammy's attic, and then he sat down on the stool beside him, and by means of a few kindly questions elicited many sad facts connected with the widow's struggle to keep the wolf from the door.

'Well, you must make haste and get well,' he said, cheerfully, as he rose to depart; 'and then I will tell you what I will do. Where I live at the seaside, some friends of mine have a Home for cripple children, and if you would like to visit it, and your mother can spare you, I think I can promise you a pleasant holiday there by-and-by.'

Sammy's eyes glowed.

'At the seaside, sir! Why, I've never seen the sea! Oh, mother, wouldn't it be nice? That is,' he said, looking anxiously towards her, 'if you can manage baby alone?'

'I think I can manage her,' said his mother, smiling, full of joy at seeing Sammy's pale face so bright; 'so thank the gentleman, darling, and do as he tells you. Make haste and get well.'

'A clear case of rheumatic fever,' observed the doctor quietly to the General, as, guided by Mrs. Moss, he again reached the sitting-room. 'Now for the water you were good enough to promise me,' he added, turning to her; and together they fetched it clear and sparkling from the well, and the doctor filled a flask with it, which he had brought with him. Then announcing he was ready to start, the doctor opened the gate for the General, called for their carriage from the inn opposite, and soon the two drove rapidly away.

'So you are sure the boy is not suffering from typhoid,' said the General, anxiously, as he and his companion were borne rapidly along; 'well, now, it remains to be seen if that water is fit to drink,' and he cast a somewhat contemptuous glance at the flask lying by the doctor's side.

'It is, of course, impossible to judge correctly by appearances,' said the doctor, smiling at his friend's evident aversion to that liquid which is even more a staff of life than any solid, 'but I will send it to one of the best analysts I know, and you shall hear his report upon it as soon as possible. I should say myself the water is good enough.'

'And now that it is mainly owing to your professional opinion,' continued the General, 'that I allowed Nina a year ago to leave off taking wine, may I ask, seeing her illness may perhaps prove dangerous, if you will still withhold all stimulants from her?'

'You may rest assured, General,' said the doctor, gravely, 'that I shall withhold nothing from my patient that I consider will assist her recovery; but as to administering alcohol to her, I think you know already that my experience forbids my using it, save in very exceptional cases, and when no other and less dangerous remedies are at hand. But,' he added, quickly, 'of course, if you would rather employ some medical man who does prescribe it in fevers, I am willing to give up the case.'

'No, no; I don't want you to do that,' said the General, a little alarmed, for he knew well that the cleverest doctor for many miles round sat by his side. 'But you must admit that a young man like you cannot have had a very long experience.'

'Certainly not,' said the young man laughing; 'but as I saw the testimony of the most distinguished men in my profession, concerning the baneful effect of alcohol on the human frame, daily corroborated in my practice, I determined some years ago never to prescribe it if possible, and I have so far had the satisfaction of not losing a single patient from typhoid. However, I must be saying good-bye for the present; someone in these cottages is expecting me before luncheon.' And, so saying, the doctor swung himself out of the dogcart, and was soon lost to sight under a trellissed porch.

'I do wish everyone was as straightforward as young Wright,' sighed the General, as he drove on by himself: 'I don't agree with him in a great many things, but he is never afraid to say what he thinks is right, and to do it, too, whoever may be against him. I don't wonder so many of his patients have taken up with his teetotal notions. People are much more easily won by self-sacrifice than by preaching. I know he had a hard fight, and lost some rich patients in the endeavor to maintain his principles when he first came into the neighborhood. I daresay he thinks I owe him a grudge for calling my attention to the condition of some of the cottages on my estate. I know I was vexed with him at the time, but a man who is careful and conscientious in one direction will be so in another, and I see now I can safely trust Nina to him, for if any complications arise he will keep his promise, and send for Sir George immediately. Poor darling!' And the old man's thoughts reverted entirely once more to her who had been the chief subject of them since her illness began. But, strange to say, the self-satisfaction which was such a characteristic of his seemed this morning to have deserted him. His other children were out in life, and his wife had died some years before, so that, as he had often said, Nina was altogether his, and he prided himself on the excellent father he had been. He had taught her to ride, given her talented teachers, plenty of pocket-money and amusement, and yet something in him was whispering that if Nina were taken from him, there would still be the wherewithal to reproach himself. It seems hard, but if conscience did not make herself heard in hours of sorrow in some breasts her voice would seldom be listened to! Obedient, affectionate, careful to consider him, entering into his interests in a wonderful way for her years, it had never occurred to Nina's father that one possessed of such characteristics would, unless utterly inconsistent, manifest the same in some degree at least towards others. And as he thought of the past, he sadly recalled many an occasion when he had overruled her generous intentions towards others, especially the poor, and denied her the privilege of ministering to the entertainment of others, when such ministry would not have interfered with her duty to himself, and spoken slightingly of the temperance cause so dear to her heart. So, when he reached home, having ascertained that Nina was asleep, he rang the bell and asked for Miss Lake, and telling her of the distress in Mrs. Moss's home, asked her somewhat awkwardly to purchase such necessaries as she deemed suitable, and to forward them to the widow without delay. 'Because,' said he, 'I am sure dear Nina would like it.'

'This will be good news for our darling,' said faithful Miss Lake to herself as she left the study, for it had always been a trouble to her that her charge lacked her father's sympathy and guidance, in those labors of love to the poor and suffering, without which wealth and position only foster pride and hardness of heart, and religion either becomes bigotry or dies.

So, to Mrs. Moss's astonishment, the carrier's cart stopped at her house next day and left there such a parcel of groceries as she had never seen save in a shop. Also there was a shawl for herself, a suit for Sammy, and several yards of flannel for the children. Thus the burden of Mrs. Moss's trials began to be lightened. For now that she would have no groceries to buy she was free to purchase new milk and other luxuries for Sammy, and soon he began to suffer less, and to look forward with increasing hope to his promised visit to the seaside.

One cruel tongue, too, was silenced, for when Eliza Baynes's mother discovered who Mrs. Moss's benefactors were she deemed it prudent, like 'Brer Rabbit,' to lay low, lest Mrs. Moss should say anything to Eliza's discredit when the ladies visited her again. Mrs. Baynes had not yet discovered that there are some hearts so tender that to speak ill of others (when truth demands it), wounds them more deeply even than to hear it spoken of themselves.

And in the meantime Dr. Wright had not been idle, and the analyst's report had been such that Mrs. Moss's well was entirely freed from the suspicion that had been attached to it, though, unfortunately, the source of Nina's illness still remained shrouded in mystery. Then when December came clear and frosty, Nina, now fully restored to health, came with her father to Brooklea to see Sammy and his mother, and on this occasion the General himself drank to his darling's health in a glass of cold water!

There are some who never do things by halves, and let us be thankful for it! Once aroused to a sense of that which had been lacking to so great an extent in his otherwise upright and manly character, and seeing for himself (now that he had been willing to see) how much happier his daughter was in ministering to others, rather than in being ministered to, the General determined to act differently in the future to what he had done in the past. Very soon his beautiful home was opened not only to the rich and great, but to the poor and lowly. In person he visited in the cottage as well as in the mansion, and ere long his name was linked with every good work in the neighborhood; and notably with the local branch of the 'Church of England Temperance Society,' which Nina had now started with Miss Lake's help. And when, as time rolled on, and it was brought home to him by many an earnest speaker how great the influence for good he might exercise by becoming a total abstainer he relinquished for ever the dangerous luxury which causes the shipwreck of so many of our weaker brethren, and in company with one of them donned the little bit of blue. Thus did the good work, begun by a lowly widow, continue, and sinner and saint alike were raised to higher levels.

How the Little Fault-Finder Was Cured.

('Light in the Home.')

'Mother, Willie is picking vos stwawbeddies you said we mustn't touch.'

'Run away and play, Harold, and don't tell tales about Willie,' said mother, looking up from her book.

It was a lovely afternoon in June. The air was full of the scent of flowers and the hum of insects. Mother and auntie were sitting idly outside the open French window, while the children, regardless of the heat, played in the garden, running up every now and then to tell of some new wonder they had found, or, as we have just heard, with little tales of each other's misdoings. Master Harold was very much given to telling tales, especially of his brother Willie, who was only about eighteen months older, and the gentle, wise mother was anxious to cure him of such an unbrotherly habit; but her reproofs so far seemed to have little effect.

'I wish I could think of some plan to cure him of that miserable fault-finding,' she said; 'he seems to watch Willie with a sort of jealous anxiety, and looks delighted and triumphant if he can discover the least excuse for tale-bearing. He even begrudges him his grandfather. The other day he came to me looking so distressed and angry, with grandpa's photo in his hand. "Mother, isn't it my grandfaver? Willy says its hees. Willie wants everysing I've dot." I could not help laughing, it seemed so absurd; he didn't at all relish the idea of having a grandfather between them.'

'Oh, he will grow out of it with your watchful care, never fear, dear,' said auntie cheerfully.

Again, from the garden came loud, eager voices, and up ran Harold, his little face flushed with excitement.

'Mother, Willie's ball has dawn wight on de flower-beds, and he's dot hees big boots on, and he's dawn wight in for it! Mustn't he wait till farver comes?"

The mother, with her beautiful dark eyes, looked earnestly in her little son's face for a moment, and then firmly and quietly she said, 'Harold, you run and tell Willie he can do just what he likes this afternoon.'

The little man looked with a bewildered gaze in his mother's face, doubting whether he had heard aright.

'Must I say that, mother?'

'Yes, Harold; run away at once and tell him so.'

'Oh, mother,' then a bright idea struck him. 'Tom tould tell him, touldn't he?'

THE LITTLE FAULT-FINDER CURED.

'No, you must tell him, Harold, now at once.'

Slowly poor Harold sauntered down the pathway, stopping now and again while the little fingers tugged almost savagely at the flowers and shrubs, and with pouting lips and downcast eyes the message was mumbled out.

Willie could scarcely believe his ears, knowing that Harold had been telling tales of him, he half expected a summons to his mother.

'What did you say, Harold?" And that distasteful message had to be repeated; this time it was snapped out quite crossly.

'Muvver says 'oo can do just what 'oo 'ikes s'afternoon.'

A shout of joy and a wild hurrah was heard as Willie's cap was tossed in the air, and he raced off to tell the good news to sympathizing ears.

'How could you send him with such a message!' laughed auntie. 'What a trial for him! I only hope it will be a lesson to him.' And certainly for that afternoon no more tales were heard.

The next day Harold was playing in the garden, running races with Spot, the terrier, and tempting him to chase the demure old tabby cat who was sunning herself on the grass-plat. Spot refused, though; he had had a rather severe lesson one day when he had attempted such a liberty. Presently Harold heard his mother's voice calling him; running up to her, she asked if he would like to go with her to see Uncle John. Harold's eyes

beamed with pleasure; to be able to go and see Uncle John and his garden was always a treat.

'Run away, then, and ask Mary to help you wash your face and hands and make you look as much like a little gentleman as she can. I shall be ready to start in a quarter of an hour.'

Away dashed Harold, shouting for Mary at the top of his voice, and in less than a quarter of an hour he was trudging happily along by his mother's side. Uncle John and Auntie greeted them with frank pleasure.

'How glad we are to see you! Come and take your things off, and we'll soon have tea. Harold, my boy, run away in the garden; old Nero is out there somewhere, and will be just glad of a romp with you. The violets and lilies are beautiful now; pick what you like; only don't let Nero run over the beds. He knows pretty well, though, that he must keep to the paths.'

'If I may,' said mother, 'I should like to go with Harold before tea; and would you mind lending us each a little basket, and we will see who will pick the prettiest nosegay ?'

In a few minutes they were wandering round the garden admiring the beautiful blossoms, and Harold's little basket was soon full of sweet-scented violets and lilies of the valley, golden daffodils and delicate primroses. He ran up to see how much his mother had gathered, and gazed in amazement to see in her basket bits of chickweed, groundsel, dandelion roots, and several other weeds, to say nothing of one or two slimy earthworms and slugs.

'Oh, mother, what have you dot ves for?' he cried, his little face showing intense disgust. 'I fought you were doin' to make a bunch prettier 'an me.'

'I am glad you don't like it, Harold; it isn't very pretty, is it? Yours is much more beautiful ; come and let us hear what uncle thinks of them.'

'No; I think it's dreffful ugly. I tant fink what you picked vos for, and vos nasty worms, muvver dear; they will trawl on your hand. Do frow vem away.'

'Not yet, Harold, dearie: I want them to teach you a great lesson. I hope they will.'

'Teach me, muvver—what?'

But his mother quietly took his hand and led him into the drawing-room, where Uncle John was busy putting the flowers he had gathered into the vases.

Harold held up his basket for inspection with a decided look of triumph. 'Mine is ve prettiest, uncle; but do look what muvver has dot.'

Uncle turned and peeped into his sister's basket,and his face expressed considerable astonishment; but she met his look with a quiet smile and glance at Harold, and he realized that there was some motive for this mysterious nosegay.

'These are the sort of things Harold is so fond of gathering and bringing to me, uncle,' she said, 'especially in Willie's garden.'

Harold opened his eyes.

'Me, muvver dear? I tant bear os nasty fings.'

Uncle looked earnestly in his face.

'I see,' he said; 'I would far rather find the beautiful flowers, my boy.'

Tea was announced just then, so no more was said about it ; but Harold's little brain was puzzling over the mystery while the elders were busy talking, wondering what his mother could have meant. After tea, uncle and auntie walked back with them in the cool of the lovely spring evening to their own gate.

'Now, Harold,' his mother said, when they had gone, 'I will put you to bed to-night for a treat; run and say good-night to father."

When they were alone upstairs, she sat down, taking her little son in her arms.

'Doesn't Harold want to know why mother picked those things this afternoon?'

'Oh, yes; do tell me, muvver'—and he nestled his head on her shoulder.

'Well, you know, our hearts — yours and mine, and Willie's and everybody's — are something like gardens, where all sorts of good and evil things grow, like the flowers and weeds. All hearts have both growing together; some have most good, and try to grow better and better, and some have most evil, and are very wicked and sinful. Now, don't you think it is much the best to try and find out all the good and beautiful in others, and let the evil alone, than to be always trying to pick out the naughty things in them ? You know Willie has lots of beautiful flowers growing in his heart's garden. Shall I tell you some of them? He is loving ! See how fond baby is of him, because he is so patient and gentle with her. Then, he is "forgiving" and generous. Who broke his beautiful new drawing slate the other day? And though he could hardly keep from crying, he said, "Never mind, mother; don't be angry with Harold; he didn't mean to—it just slipped out of his hand."'

'Oh, yes, muvver,' interrupted Harold, 'I wemember ! It was kind of Willie, wasn't it?'

'Then he is "unselfish." When your ball had such a split in it the other day with bouncing down on the railings, who gave you a sixpence out of his money-box to buy a new one, because you were crying so?'

'Oh, Willie did, muvver.'

'Now, my darling, can you see what mother means. When Willie does anything rough or naughty, you run and tell me directly, and try to get him punished. But you forget and take no notice of the kind, good things he does. If you go on doing so, my sonnie, the little garden of your heart will soon be full of those ugly weeds of unkindness and jealousy, and tale-bearing and selfishness; they will choke the good seeds and the lovely flowers of love and kindness to your brothers and sisters. When the dear Lord Jesus was on earth, it was one of the lessons He was trying to teach His disciples; and we have His gracious words in the Bible to teach us now—"Love one another"; "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." You would not like Willie to be telling such tales of you, would you ? "Bear one another's burdens," which means be as helpful and kind to all about you as you possibly can, even in little things which a little boy like you can do—running little errands, and doing little kindnesses, and it would make you happy. Our dear Lord's whole life, you know, was spent in doing good for others. He never thought of Himself, though He was oftentimes weary and tired; and then, at the last, He laid down that precious life and suffered and died to save us from the punishment of sin. Now, my own little Harold will try and remember what mother has said, try and follow the example of Jesus, and be loving and kind as He was, and when he is going to tell some unkind tale about Willie or anybody, just think of that basket of nasty weeds and worms.'

(To be Continued.)

LESSON III.—JULY 21.

Noah Saved in the Ark.

Genesis viii., 1-22. Memory verses ,20-22. Read Gen. vi., 8-22; vii., viii., and ix., 1-17.

Golden Text.

'Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.' —Gen. vi., 8.

Lesson Text.

(15) And God spake unto Noah, saying, (16) Go forth of the ark, thou, and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee. (17) Bring forth with thee every living thing that is with thee, of all flesh, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth; that they may breed abundantly in the earth, and be fruitful and multiply upon the earth. (18) And Noah went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him: (19) Every beast, every creeping thing, and every fowl, and whatsoever creepeth upon the earth, after their kinds, went forth out of the ark. (20) And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord; and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar. (21) And the Lord smelled a sweet savour; and the Lord said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more every thing living, as I have done. (22) While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

Suggestions.

From the time of Adam's first transgression sin grew and increased in the earth until it became a mass of corruption. Men were lawless and violent. In each generation there were some men who tried to please God and who walked with God and called themselves by the name of the Lord. (Gen. iv., 26, margin). Such were Seth and Enoch and Noah. But even into the families of the godly, sin entered, for they allowed their sons to marry the daughters of the wicked men of the world, and the children became very giants in strength and wickedness. God does not bless the union of his children with his enemies. After fifteen hundred years of indulgence in sin and self-will, the human race became intolerably wicked and obnoxious to God. Men's minds and hearts and bodies were so saturated with evil that it was impossible to destroy the evil in the world without destroying the men who had so identified themselves with sin.

Noah was one of the men who tried to obey God in everything, he walked in God's ways and found God always beside him in his daily life. To him God confided his purpose of destroying the sin-steeped world by a great rain which would cleanse the earth by washing away all things that were defiled by sin.

Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord, he was just and upright and sincere. When the Lord God told him to build an ark like a great safe house that would float securely on the top of the flood of waters, Noah never questioned God's command but immediately set to work to obey. This ark was to be an oblong building, about five hundred feet long, eighty feet wide and fifty feet high. It was to be built of gopher wood, probably cypress, and to be well covered with pitch to preserve the wood and cover the cracks. It took Noah one hundred and twenty years to build the ark, and all this time was given to the human race to repent of their sins. They were warned of their approaching doom and no doubt some way of escape would have been made for them had they chosen to repent and cry to God for pardon. Perhaps they were frightened at first, but as the days and weeks and months went by and still they were allowed to go on in their wickedness, the vividness of the fear wore off, and they hardened their hearts and scoffed at Noah for continuing to believe God's word.

But Noah went steadily on preaching righteousness (II. Pet. ii., 5, 9), and by his daily life and work testifying to his faith in God's word. If Noah had not honored God by that long testimony of obedience and faith amid the scoffers around him, neither would God have honored him by saving him out of the destruction of the ungodly. Noah had to work out his own salvation, every day there must be honest workmanship put into the building A worm-eaten board or a crooked nail might have made the ark unsafe. Noah's work was to be tested, the rains and the floods would soon have found out any weak spot, and one day's dishonest work might have meant the destruction of the whole ark and all the precious human and animal life which it was meant to preserve. So our daily work will all be tested, (I. Cor. iii., 13-15), and only that which has been done honestly and sincerely for God will stand the test. (Col. iii., 22-25; Eph. vi., 6-8). But good works will not save us, we have not to build our own ark, for Jesus Christ is our ark of safety whereby we are saved from sin and its awful consequences—there is no other name under heaven whereby we must be saved. (Acts x., 12; John xiv., 6.)

God gave Noah all the directions and specifications for building the ark, and only as he obeyed implicitly was his work acceptable to God. So our Father has given to us a book of directions, containing all the specifications for the construction of a strong, large, beautiful life and only as we obey his word can our lives be acceptable in his sight. And not only has God given us the Book, but he sends to our hearts a Teacher to make us understand the Book. (John xiv., 16, 17, 26.) And not only that, but when ever we need help of any kind we have free access to our living, loving, Saviour, through whom we can at all times come boldly unto the throne of grace for mercy and help.

Noah must have trained his sons to be good men, as God commanded that they and their wives should also be saved in the ark. No doubt they helped their father in the construction of the ark. Perhaps there were other men who helped with the building of the ark and yet who refused to heed the warning of its necessity. They were not saved by their good works nor by their helping on the salvation of others, the only safe place from the flood was inside the ark. So there are many to-day engaged in church work and charities who are no doubt helping others on to salvation, yet who themselves refuse to enter the ark of safety.

At last the ark was completed and the day came when God called Noah and all his family and at least two of every different kind of bird and beast to go into the ark for safety. No doubt the sun was shining and at the time there was no appearance of rain, but Noah obeyed God amid the scorn and laughter of the wicked men of the world. (Matt. xxiv., 37-39; Luke xvii., 26, 27; Heb. xi., 7.) When the torrents came and the rain continued to pour down, those who had scoffed and scorned Noah's ark began to wish themselves inside it. They climbed to the tops of trees and to the tops of mountains, and still the angry waters surged up round them. No doubt many of them repented their evil deeds and cried for mercy, but it was too late. They had had a hundred and twenty years to repent in, but now their chance was gone. God is merciful and just, justice requires the punishment of all sin. The Lord God never breaks his word about anything.

Noah was six hundred years old when he entered the ark. He was the grandson of Methusaleh who lived to be nine hundred and sixty-nine years old. Noah remained in the ark a whole year. For five months the rain poured down, flooding and drowning everything. Then for another five months the waters gradually disappeared until at the end of twelve months the ground was quite dry again. Then God told Noah to go out of the ark with all his household and all the living creatures, on to the cleansed and refreshed earth. Noah built an altar and there offered sacrifices to the Eternal God who had preserved him alive when all else was destroyed. The Lord God accepted the sacrifices as expressions of Noah's thanksgiving and loyalty. He was pleased with the sacrifice simply because they typified and pointed forward to the great Sacrifice of Christ, the Saviour of the world., Then God in his tender mercy and lovingkindness made a covenant with Noah that he would never again destroy the face of the whole world for the sins of man. As long as the earth shall last the regular course of nature shall be preserved. God appointed the rainbow to be the constantly reappearing token of his covenant with mankind.

The earth was washed clean, but sin remained in the hearts of men, and it was not long after the flood before sin again broke forth and filled the world with misery. Only the blood of Christ can cleanse our hearts from sin.

[We recommend for the study of the older scholars Sir William Dawson's books, 'Eden Lost and Won,' 'Story of Earth and Man,' and 'The Historical Deluge.']

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 28.—Topic—Missions: true philanthropy.'—Gal. vi., 1-10.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A COMMANDMENT WITH PROMISE.

Mon., July 15.—Our parents love us.—Gen. xlv., 25-28.

Tues., July 16.—Remembering our parents' teaching. Prov. xxii., 6.

Wed., July 17.—God has taught our parents.—Ps. lxxviii., 4-6.

Thu., July 18.—Obedience pleases God.—Col. iii., 20.

Fri., July 19.—Show parents our love.—Prov. vi., 20, 21.

Sat., July 20.—The promise commandment. —Eph. vi., 1-3.

Sun., July 21.—Topic—Honoring parents.—Prov. iv., 1-4; x., 1.

Side Issues.

It is only on the main track that a railway train can make good time and commendable progress. A switch engine may take a spurt down through the division yards, but you are sure to find her at all times within the yard limits. A sidetrack may be long enough to accommodate a dozen trains, but it is not the place for progress, but for resting while other trains make progress. There is a main track through a Sunday-school lesson, and there are a plentiful number of sidetracks. The main truths run through the lesson while the minor truths are but parts. It is strange how some eyes always take the part to be the whole. Consequently they very readily switch off on to the part of the lesson and get no further. Their complaint is that 'the lesson is too long, or the time for consideration is too short.' In either case we have a confession of weakness on the part of the teacher. His weakness is in the fact that he failed to get through and that on time. The sidetrack is important, but never more important than the main line.

Most generally a Sunday-school lesson has a central truth running through it as plainly marked as the scarlet thread in an old greenback. Or, if not, there will be several main truths connected so closely as to make one system.

The secret of good and thorough teaching is to guide the class through the whole lesson without giving undue prominence to any one part. To do this will require most earnest study. One must find the main truths. But not that only, the truths of lesser importance must be discovered and their relation to the main truth determined. This calls for more than a passing glance at some Sunday-school notes. The lesson may there be outlined, and well outlined, too, but the living teacher must grasp the truths, measurably understand them, and have an intelligent idea as to how they should be presented to the class.—'Living Epistle.'

Teachers' Rules.

Be on time; bring your Bible and an offering; join promptly and heartily in the open exercises; make complete records in class book and on envelope; bring your class to order at once when bell rings—these will all be done by the faithful teacher.—'Endeavor Banner.'

Temperance

A Study in Practical Ethics

('The New Voice.')

An 'ethical aspect of the liquor problem' walked into the office of 'The New Voice' a few days ago. It was a holiday and there were no clerks in the outer office, so the aspect walked unbidden and unlet straight to the desk of the managing editor. The editor looked up and greeted, for a moment with pleasure, the tall, well-built man that stood before him. He called him 'Doctor.' There stood a man who, if he should walk the streets of one of our great eastern cities, would be recognized by hundreds, and would be addressed by those whom he would meet as the 'Reverend Doctor.'

But the 'aspect' was ill at ease. The proffered chair was declined. A private interview was sought, and in a few moments he sat facing the editor in a private office.

'I guess,' he said with a sickly smile, 'I do not need to tell you anything.' He was correct. A single careful look told enough and more than enough. His face was bloated and flushed, his eyes were bloodshot; his whole body trembled; he was without an overcoat on one of the most terrible mornings of the winter. He came without excuse, without extenuation, with the pitiful plea that 'The New Voice' would give him a railway ticket to an eastern town, where an aged father and mother awaited the home coming of a wanderer.

It was not the first time they had met—these two men that sat there; and the more fortunate of the two remembered how the other had once been the pastor—the successful, brilliant pastor—of one of the great churches of one of the great denominations in an eastern city; remembered the story of subtle temptation fostered in college life; remembered the physician's prescription of 'good old port for the shaken health,' that soon became whiskey for the ruin of body and soul; remembered that somewhere in the East was the lonely grave of a wife, and somewhere in the wide world two worse than orphan children.

He remembered, too, that there had been years of fighting—almost heroic fighting—in which this unfortunate before him had battled with his appetite. He remembered how the poor fellow—how strange it seemed to call a man who was once the idol of a fashionable church 'poor fellow'—had gone from city to city seeking new surroundings amid which to begin again to build up a new life. He remembered how he had fled once from the temptations of this city to toil for months as a farm hand, to be away from the perpetual invitation to drink. He remembered how there had been glimpses of victory, and days when his friends had hoped for him a return to his old place and influence, but how, again and again, whenever the clouds over the ruined life seemed to lighten, swift ruin had fallen through some sudden and overwhelming temptation.

It was only a year ago, in the midst of one of these struggles, that the poor unfortunate sought out the office of 'The New Voice,' and begged work of the editor-in-chief, whom he had once introduced to an audience in the pulpit of his own church. This had been followed by months of battling, when friends had tried to keep the poor wretch upon his feet, till, at length, as a last resort, a place had been found for him in the North-West, miles from a railway, away from the temptations of cities and villages, and here, in charge of responsible work, he had won the favor of those around him and built up, as he believed, a new manhood on the ruins of the old.

With the return of strength and courage, came the reawakening desire to live the life that he is by education fitted to live among his fellowmen, and the determination to go back again to his old home and begin life over again—for he is yet only a young man in years. The earnings of the six months past dressed him fit to appear in the surroundings to which he was accustomed, bought him a ticket to the far eastern home of his boyhood, and left him with a very respectable sum of money in his pocket. On a Sunday night, arriving in Chicago at one of the great railway stations, he stepped for a moment into the street—the street of a civilized city in a Christian nation—and his own sorry words may tell the story of what followed.

'I saw across the street a saloon. It was wide open and brightly lighted. As quickly as I can tell, led by some overwhelming force that I could neither understand nor describe, I had crossed the street, had called for a "whiskey straight" and poured it down my throat. The accomplishment of long months of careful, patient, prayerful work was gone in an instant. From that moment I remember nothing more until this morning (it was Friday) I awoke in a cheap lodging house in a disreputable part of the town, without my money, without my railway ticket, without my overcoat, and nothing to tell where any of these had gone.'

The necessary ticket to take the wretched victim of a 'regulated' liquor traffic to the end of his sorrowful journey was soon purchased, a member of the editorial force furnished an overcoat for the poor fellow's comfort. 'Don't give me money; don't give me the ticket, please,' he begged. 'See me on the train and get me started.' And it was done, and out of the great and wicked city, going back to his boyhood home, he rolled away in the night.

The unfortunate of whom this is written is a scholar, and by such standards as men in the best society judge, a gentleman; the graduate of a university; the rightful possessor of university degrees, signifying achievements in intellectual and literary fields; once the ordained minister of one of the greatest of American churches, and the installed pastor of one of the most aristocratic Christian congregations of the country. Heredity, perhaps, and a foolish, ignorant or vicious physician have made him a victim, as helpless as if bound in chains and fetters, of that institution that our laws establish and some of our wise men praise for its 'social features.'

Why He Became a Prohibitionist.

Rudyard Kipling says that one night, in a concert hall, he saw two young men ply two girls with liquor until they were drunk. Then they led them, staggering, down a dark street. The rest of the story we give in Mr. Kipling's own words. 'Then,' he says, 'recanting previous opinions, I became a prohibitonist. Better it is that a man should go without his beer in public places, and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority; better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks, and to buy lager furtively at back doors, than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said, "There is no harm in it, taken moderately," and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send these two girls reeling down the dark street to—God alone knows what end. If liquor is worth drinking, it is worth taking a little trouble to come at—such trouble as a man will undergo to compass his own desires. It is not good that we should let it lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary.'

This is important testimony. Rudyard Kipling is no unknown person. No one can accuse him of intolerance or fanaticism. No one can taunt him with ignorance of life. —American Paper.

Tobacco when chewed makes the teeth brown and makes the breath smell bad. This chewing hurts the salivary glands and wastes the saliva.

Tobacco is hurtful to the teeth. I have heard men say that it stops the teeth growing on the side they chew it. It inflames the stomach so that it can't digest food.

Tobacco smoked weakens the lungs and often causes consumption. I knew a man who always smoked cigars and got a cancer on the lip, and as a result suffered much pain and then died.

I think the W. C. T. U. is a very good society, and hope that it will come out victorious at last.—'Union Signal.'

The Fence, or the Ambulance?

'Twas a dangerous cliff, as they freely confessed,
Though to walk near its crest was so pleasant;
But over its terrible edge there had slipped
A duke, and full many a peasant;
So the people said something would have to be done,
But their projects did not at all tally.
Some said, 'Put a fence round the edge of the cliff;'
Some, 'An ambulance down in the valley.'

But the cry for the ambulance carried the day,
For it spread through the neighboring city;
A fence may be useful or not, it is true,
But each heart became brimful of pity,
For those who slipped over that dangerous cliff:
And the dwellers in highway and valley
Gave pounds or gave pence—not to put up a fence,
But an ambulance down in the valley.

'For the cliff is all right if you're careful,' they said,
'And if folks even slip and are dropping,
It isn't the slipping that hurts them so much
As the shock down below—when they're stopping!'
So, day after day, as these mishaps occurred,
Quick forth would these rescuers sally,
To pick up the victims who fell off the cliff
With their ambulance down in the valley.

Then an old sage remarked, 'It's a marvel to me
That people give far more attention
To repairing results than to stopping the cause,
When they'd much better aim at prevention.
Let us stop at its source all this mischief,' cried he,
'Come, neighbors and friends, let us rally!
If the cliff we will fence we might almost dispense
With the ambulance down in the valley.'

'Oh, he's a fanatic!' the others rejoined;
'Dispense with the ambulance! Never!
He'd dispense with all charities, too, if he could;
But no! We'll support them for ever!
Aren't we picking folk up just as fast as they fall?
And shall this man dictate to us? Shall he?
Why should people of sense stop to put up a fence
While their ambulance works in the valley?'

But a sensible few, who are practical, too,
Will not bear with such nonsense much longer;
They believe that prevention is better than cure,
And their party will soon be the stronger.
Encourage them, then, with your purse, voice and pen,
And (while other philanthropists dally)
They will scorn all pretence, and put up a stout fence
On the cliff that hangs over the valley.

. . . . . .

Better guide well the young than reclaim them when old,
For the voice of true wisdom is calling:
'To rescue the fallen is good, but 'tis best
To prevent other people from falling.'
Better close up the source of temptation and crime
Than deliver from dungeon or galley;
Better put a strong fence round the top of the cliff
Than an ambulance down in the valley!

JOSEPH MALINS.

HOUSEHOLD.

The 'New Woman' on the Farm.

Said Farmer John to his wife one day,
'You wimmen folks must manage some way
An' do su'thin' ruther to airn the cash
To buy your furbelows an' trash;
I tell you,' said he, 'it's mighty tough,
An' is usin' a man most all-fired rough
To keep him forever down in the ditch
To buy you dresses, and music, and sich.'

'Why, father!' said she, in a voice weak and thin,
'Don't the girls and I bring anything in?'
'Wall, yes, in course; but reely,' said he,
'Housework don't 'mount to nothin', yer see.
It takes clean farmin', an' big crops,
An' stiddy peckin' to bring in the rocks;
An' it's kind o' tough when all on it goes
For flowers, an' feathers, an' furbelows.'

'Well, father, please tell us,' said Daughter Bess,
'What shall we live on, and how shall we dress?
Pudding and doughnuts don't grow on trees,
Nor can we be clothed, like Adam, with leaves;
Just give us the poultry, milk, fruit, and honey,
And we'll never ask you for any more money.
We'll raise chickens and turkeys, make butter and cheese,
We'll take care of the fruit and attend to the bees.'

'Oh, ho! laughed the farmer with chuckle and grin,
'You kin hev all o' that an' the truck patch thrown in;
An' I'll plough it an' harrer it nice an' fine,
But putt'rin' with garden sass ain't in my line.
But you mus' s'ply the table outer your cash
Before buyin' gewgaws an' sich kind o' trash.
Mother an' Sue, do you 'gree with Bess?'
Mother quietly nodded, and Sue answered 'Yes.'

Then as Farmer John went away to his work
He said to himself, 'I don't want to shirk
Any duty or responsibility, but then
I kin help 'em out of their troubles agen.
They've tried it an' failed, an' gi'n up they're beat
In tryin' to make both financial ends meet,
An' mebby they'll 'con'mize a leetle more when
They've larnt the real cost of a dollar, like men.'

Now Farmer John's heart was lightsome and gay,
And he whistled serenely, as much as to say,
'I'll roll up a few hundred dollars or more,
To add to the pile that's already in store;
Fur it stan's to reason an' natur', too,
'T I can't allus work the way I now do;
An' if I don't save fur the rainy day,
Who's goin' to do it? That's what I say.'

'Now, mother,' said Bess, on the very first day
They tried the new plan to make housekeeping pay,
'I think we're rich, and I'm glad for one,
That there's something new here under the sun;
We will all of us work with a hearty good will,
With you for our teacher and guide until
We can take our diplomas on butter and cheese,
And on growing celery, cabbage and peas.

'And you still further our banker shall be.'
'No, no,' said the mother, 'we're partners all three;
We'll share in the work and share in the pay,
And then all consult how to spend the best way.'
Then mother and daughters grew merry and bright,
And sung at their work from morning till night,
While Farmer John wondered and puzzled his head
The sequel to fathom, but not a word said.

And Farmer John's table had its full supply
Of milk, butter, and cheese, pickles, pudding and pie,
Garden sauce fruit and eggs with poultry and honey;
But never a word did he hear about money.
The mother and daughters were neat and trim,
And the house was as tidy and nice as a pin.
As for mother and daughters themselves, I ween,
A happier trio than they was ne'er seen.

When the harvest was ended and stored away,
Then Farmer John said to his wife one day,
'Wal, mother, a very good harvest this year,
I calc'late I've made a cool two hundred clear;
That depends, come to think'—with a poor, sickly grin—
'On how deep into debt you three's got me in.'

'No, we've kept free from debt, and have money in store;
Tho' it's not very much, it's three hundred or more.
Bess can now study music and Sue go to school,
Without, as you see, breaking over our rule
To keep out of debt.' Was Farmer Jones dumb?'
No; he simply remarked, 'Wal, I never, I vow,
If you three are spec'mens, I can't see no harm
That "the new woman" does—when she lives on a farm.'

—Mrs. H. T. Noyes, in 'North-western Agriculturist.'

Making Over.

(Amy Russell, in 'Christian Work.')

If we have little money to use, we have something else. There is a garment that can be made over for a child. Put it in your charity basket, and bear it in mind for your first leisure hour. That pair of hose needs new feet, and you know how to do that work nicely. If you have taken new flannels unto yourself this winter, please find enough in the well-worn laid-aside garments for a child's need. Many a one, and with sleeves, too, have I made of similar articles, and glad was the poor mother to get them.

Then, again, about the sewing. Practically I find that many articles too far worn to be of much further use for an adult can be made very useful as a child's garment.

A little hood can be made of different pieces, and will look pretty, too, if you can brighten it with a bow of ribbon. A gown laid aside will make two dresses for a child (I know, for I have just done that thing). To be sure, I put some puffs on the little sleeves, and a little fresh trimming on the waist of red; but even if you pay two dimes for the dainty finishing, you can save that amount perhaps in car fares. An old pair of pants will make two little pairs, and a yard of braid is all you need for fine finish.

Of course you know many other ways of utilizing the various household belongings of an ordinary family. I am a little enthusiastic over the subject, because I see so much need that nothing should be allowed to go to waste.

I do believe that we are responsible for the best use of all that is intrusted to us. If we have leisure, we must do large good with it. If money, that is to be used wisely and unselfishly. If sympathy is our God-given talent, we can brighten many a desponding spirit, comfort many a sorrow-stricken one, and add joy to those who are already glad. We shall in this way imitate the example of our blessed Master, who went about doing good.

Use of Soda.

Some uses of soda are recommended, as follows: Apart from the use of bicarbonate of soda as a relief for indigestion, both this form and the crude washing soda are useful to the cook and the housekeeper. A burn caused by a hot iron will cease to pain almost immediately if a piece of soda moistened with the tongue is put on. A scald or burn, if the skin is not broken, can be cured by placing the burned part in strong soda water. Boil greasy tins in soda water once a week, and use hot soda water for a greasy sink. Put a piece of soda the size of a walnut to a tablespoonful of salt into a basin and pour on boiling water. Allow dirty sponges to stand in this for a short time, when they will be clean and free from grease. Rinse in cold water. Dissolve a cupful of soda in a gallon of water and leave in a jar near the kitchen sink. Into this throw all pieces of soap and remains of packets of dry soap. Dip into the jar and add to the water used for washing and scrubbing very dirty pans, earthenware, tinware, woodwork (but not paint), and for washing kitchen cloths and dusters.—American Paper.

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